Vol. VII. Numb. 13

THE OBSERVATOR.

On the Pretender's Eſcape back to Dunkirk. *A* Lapland *Song, ſuitable to the Occaſion; with ſome Advices how to prevent his renewing the Attempt to invade us.*

From Saturday, March 27. to Wednesday, March 31. 1708.

Obſ. WELL, *Roger*, I hope now you bring me a certain Account of the Pretender, and of the Iſſue of his Expedition.

Country-m. I can't ſay much more than I did, Maſter, but only that he has won the Race homeward, as well as he did outward; for no Body doubts now of his Arrival again at *Dunkirk*. He is the nimbleſt young Spark at turning of Poſts, that I have heard of; he firſt turn'd round the Sands and Banks on the *Flemmiſh* Coaſt ſo quick, and got ſo much the Start of us, that we could never ſet Eyes on him again, 'till he got to *Edinburgh Firth*. Then he turn'd round the Iſle of *May*, *Fifeneſs*, *Buchanneſs*, and I don't know how many Neſſes more, with ſo much Activity, that we could never ſee him again, 'till he came near *Dunkirk*; when he whipp'd and ſpurr'd ſo hard, that our Folk, who lay about that End of the Race, thought it beſt to get out of Harm's Way. And thus he got in from whence he came out, Maſter.

Obſ. He's a racing Spark indeed, *Roger*. Could not the *Dutch* and we have had Men of War enough on thoſe Coaſts, to prevent his running into *Dunkirk* again?

Country-m. I can't tell, Maſter; you ſee it is not done. But had I him in my Power, I would put an End to his Racing.

Obſ. You muſt not be ill-natur'd, *Roger*. We had better allow him two or three ſuch Races at Sea, than one on Shore; for there he might have done us more Miſchief, before we had caught him; eſpecially had he been join'd by the *Scotch* Racers, the Highlanders; for thoſe deſperate Fellows beat our regular Troops, run and plunder'd all at once, under the late Viſcount of *Dundee*, at *Gillicranky*. Therefore, *Roger*, I would have you now to give him a Touch of *Lapland*-Civility, for that's the leaſt we can do to him, ſince he has left us the *Salisbury* Man of War, with ſo many Men of Note, Soldiers, Sea-men, and Money on Board.

Country-m. What's the *Lapland*-Civility, Maſter?

Obſ. When the *Laplanders* hunt a Bear, *Roger*, they ſing him a lovely Song, thus:

Kittulis pourra, Kittulis iiskada, Soubbi jalla Zaiiti.

Country-m. Hey dey! Maſter, I fancy that's a *Welſh* Song you have made on purpoſe for his *Welſh* Highneſs.

Obſ. No, no, Man; 'tis a *Lapland* Song, and I'll tell you the Meaning of it, as *Claus Magnus*, and other *Northern* Authors, tell it me; for I never was in *Lapland*, and hope never to be, *Roger*.

Country-m. Pray what's the Meaning of it, Maſter? If you'll tell it me in *Engliſh*, *Tom* and *Dick*, and *Joan* and *Kate*, ſhall ſing it, and I'll give them a Pot of *October*, to clear their Voices.

Obſ. The Meaning is thus, *Roger: We thank you, good Bear, for coming hither; and that you neither hurt our Perſons, nor broke our Clubs and Spears.*

Country-m. That's very civil, upon my Conntry Word, Maſter. Sing, *Joan*; *Kittulis pourra*, ----- Ha, ha, ha.

Obſ. What's the Matter, *Roger*? Ar't mad? What makes thee laugh ſo?

Country-m. Laugh, Maſter! it would make any Body laugh. *Joan* whiſpers to me, That *her Kittens pur faſt enough; I need not bid 'em pur.* But I tell her, Maſter, ſhe ought to ſing the Song, out of Civility to the Pretender, *who neither hurt the Perſons of our fellow Subjects, nor broke their Clubs*; ſince, for any thing I can perceive, he might have done us Miſchief enough, had he landed in *Murray* Firth, and given the Papiſts and *Jacobites* in the *North* of *Scotland*, and elſewhere, an Opportunity to join him; for I don't find there was any Body there could have hinder'd him, had thoſe about him thought fit to attempt it; eſpecially, Maſter, if it be true what I heard in Town, That they did land about 100 Men, who only bought them ſome Neceſſaries, for which they pay'd, and went on Board again.

Obſ. Then, *Roger*, we owe him another Piece of *Lapland*-Civility.

Country-m. What's that, Maſter?

Obſ. Why, *Roger*, beſides the former Song, they ſing another to the Bear, thus:

Iipaha talki oggio, Iipaha talki pharonis.

That is, they *pray him not to raiſe Tempeſts, or do any other Harm to thoſe who have been concern'd in hunting him.*

Country-m. With all my Heart, Maſter; but let me add this to the Song; *to pray him not to return 'till we have more clean Ships.*

Obſ. Yes, *Roger*; but pray add farther; 'Till the Garriſons in *Scotland* be better provided: 'Till they have either more regular Forces, or their Militia and People better train'd and diſciplin'd: 'Till all their *Jacobite*-Conventicles be ſhut up, where he was pray'd for by the Name of King *James* the VIII. 'Till thoſe outed Biſhops be taken Care of, who oblig'd thoſe they admitted into Orders, to ſwear Fealty to him: 'Till all thoſe who oppos'd the Bill for abjuring him, after it had been once read in the *Scotch* Parliament; and all thoſe who oppos'd the ſettling the *Hannover* Succeſſion upon Limitation, when recommended ſo earneſtly by the Queen, be put entirely out of all publick Poſts, and ſucceeded by honeſter Men: Nor do I think there would be any Hurt in it, *Roger*, if you add, 'Till there be no more Countenance given here in *England*, by Libels and otherwiſe, to thoſe who daily inſult the Church of *Scotland*, as Schiſmaticks and Perſecutors, for repreſenting the Danger of the Growth of Popery and *Jacobitiſm*, by the Encouragement given to Prieſts, the nonjurant Clergy, *&c.* in that Country, to ſet up Forms of Worſhip, that were never allow'd there during Epiſcopacy, and are countenanc'd now meerly to nouriſh Diviſions and Diſcontents among that People, and to diſoblige thoſe who have all along been firm to the Revolution, and to her Majeſty's Title and Intereſt.

Country-m. Is there nothing, Maſter, fit to be added to it, that relates to our own Country?

Obſ. Yes, yes, *Roger*, a great deal more than you and I can talk of to Night.

Country-m. Pray let's have ſome on't, Maſter?

Obſ. Then, *Roger*, you may add, 'Till there be none in *South Britain*, who are ſo far from redreſſing the Miſmanagements of our Naval Affairs, complain'd of by the Houſe of Lords, that they rather

ther excuse them, by saying, they are not so great as those in the last Reign; and instead of taking more Care to protect our Coasts and Trade, threw Dirt upon our Merchants, and others, who complain of it. 'Till there be no Jacobites employ'd in the Excise, Customs, or any other Branch of the Revenue; and particularly 'till the *London* Brewers and Distillers have no Reason to complain, by Books dedicated to our Representatives, of having greater Hardships put upon them, than upon any of their Fellow Subjects, by the Frauds and Tricks of Officers, against whom they can't have Justice, after repeated Application. 'Till there be no blasphemous lewd Nurselings of the Play-house employ'd in the Excise in *Kent*, or any other County, where they cheat the Queen, oppress the Subject, ridicule all Religion, debauch all the Women they can, and turn out honest and diligent Officers. 'Till there be no such Thing as a noted Jacobite employ'd as a prime Officer in the *London*-Distillery. 'Till there be no Fellows, from wearing Liveries, advanc'd to considerable Posts in the Excise, who may play Tricks in *Wandsworth*, *Chiswick*, or any other Divisions, turn out honest Officers, and employ those of their own Kidney, to the manifest Oppression of the Subject, and sinking of the Revenue. 'Till there be no such Thing as Spies sent Abroad, who do the Enemy ten Times more Service, than they do us, and carry on not only a clandestine Trade, but a traiterous Correspondence, to the manifest Damage of her Majesty's Revenue, as well as to the endangering of her Government. 'Till there be no such Thing as buying and selling of Places, and Commissions, by which the *French* King may get his Tools into all Offices; to betray our Secrets, and buy Posts, when he finds an Opportunity for it, in our Fleets, Armies, and Guards, to carry on his treacherous Designs against the Lives of our Generals, or to betray their Secrets; and perhaps to endanger the Life of our most gracious Sovereign, as was attempted oftner than once, against the late King *William* and Queen *Mary*, of glorious Memory. 'Till the clandestine Trade in Wool, *&c.* from *Ireland*, and our own *Southern* Coasts, be effectually prevented. 'Till none concern'd in her Majesty's Customs, connive at Frauds, and cheat the Government, by which they live; and be protected in it by higher Officers. 'Till there be sufficient Remedies provided against so many of our Mariners, and others, being suffer'd to die miserably in *French* Prisons, as our Lords have complain'd of in their Addresses, and as M. *L'Empereur* signify'd in his Letter, the 26th of *November* last. 'Till the ancient Discipline of our Fleet be restor'd, as their Lordships have frequently desir'd; and particularly, that prophane Cursing and Swearing, Drunkenness and Lewdness, be punish'd in such an exemplary Manner among our Sea-Officers and Mariners, as may reform our Navy, and put us in Hopes, that God will bless them for the Protection of our Trade and County; which was its original Design. 'Till the same abominable Vices be reform'd in the Officers and Soldiers of our Land Armies; and 'till Men be advanc'd to Posts for their Merit, and not for Favour or Money. 'Till there be no lewd Plays suffer'd, which may debauch and vitiate the Minds of those who haunt them; make them Contemners of Religion, and Haters of all good Morality. 'Till they be particularly discharg'd on *Saturday* Night, that they may not deprave the Appetites of the Audience with such high-season'd Dishes of Prophaneness and Railery, as makes many of them lie a Bed all *Sunday* in the Forenoon, and despise good Sermons in the Afternoon, as flat and insipid Entertainment. 'Till those who make it their Trade to live in open Rebellion to the Laws of God, shall be reckon'd unworthy of bearing the Title of her Majesty's Servants or Subjects. 'Till Gaming-Houses shall not be allow'd, where Officers shall squander away 50 and 100 Guineas at a Time, which lays them under a Temptation to make up their Losses by cheating the Soldiers of their Pay, and the Queen both of her Men and Money.

Country-m. If he stay 'till all those Things be redress'd, Master, he will never come hither. However, for such Crimes as these, the Land mourns: But, blessed be God, for her Majesty's Piety; she has graciously discountenanc'd such Practices, by her Laws and Proclamations; so that if all those entrusted with putting the said Laws in Execution, would do their Duty, we might soon hope for a Reformation, and to have the Roots and Seeds of Rebellion against God, and her Majesty, effectually pull'd up, and destroy'd.

Advertisements.

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